

# Good Morning 373

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Come around "Luttrell Arms,"

Dunster,  
Somerset  
with  
Ron Richards

ABOUT one hundred and seventy miles out of Paddington and two and a half miles from Minehead in Somersetshire is a cluster of stone buildings that were built for an abbot.

The building is an inn now; to hear the earliest tales of that wonderful old Somerset inn, the Luttrell Arms at Dunster, one would want to be able to talk with a dead-and-gone abbot of the great monastic house at Cleeve, some five miles away over the hills. For it was for him that the oldest part of the inn was built, a fine Gothic Hall, around which has grown up in the intervening four centuries and more that rambling collection of buildings that now makes up the inn.

Traditionally, this Hall was the town house of the abbots, and as such it probably remained until the Dissolution of the Monasteries. But it has belonged to the great Dunster family of Luttrell since 1499, the family which has lived in the noble old castle on the hill overlooking the town for nearly six centuries, and it is their coat of arms, a bend between six martlets, that the inn has borne as its sign for generations.

You may see it to-day, carved over the queer mediæval stone porch by which you enter the inn, a porch with arrow slits on either side, commanding the street each way, and an interesting timbered ceiling.

The Abbot's Hall—the Oak Room they call the upper part of it now—lies at the back. It dates from the late fifteenth century, and it would have been quite a modern house when it first came into the possession of the Luttrells.

The greater part of it is still intact. How imposing a place it was originally you may judge from a part of one of the outside walls yet remaining. This is of oak, elaborately carved, although it would seem that the old carving was never completed, since one only of the panels is finished.

In this wall are the graceful windows that light the upper and lower chambers of the Hall. The upper chamber, the Oak Room, is mediæval in its dignity; it has a fine hammer-beam roof, and must in its time have been an even more imposing apartment, a good deal longer than it is now.

The lower chamber is more homely. It has a fine ceiling of well-moulded oak beams, and a huge fireplace that was once an open hearth. This was for many years the inn kitchen, but it is now one of the many attractive public rooms of the old house.

So around the Hall, one may judge, grew up through the centuries additions to the buildings. Looking at it from the street, by the quaint old



The Meet opposite the "Arms"

17th century Yarn Market in the middle of the broad highway, you may see clearly the work of later builders. Possibly the central part is the work of the 17th century, when they may have pulled down the outer structures of the abbot's residence to replace them with a more modern and comfortable building, leaving perhaps the old porch or entrance doorway. For the interior of this part of the house contains some elaborate and extremely interesting plaster work of the early 17th century.

It seems likely that one big room ran the whole length of the first floor facing the street, for it is here that the best of this plaster work is to be found. It was done by Dutch workmen—there were many Dutchmen in Dunster and its neighbourhood at that time, engaged in the then flourishing cloth industry—and similar examples are to be found in other old houses round about. The more important example is in what is now Room 12. It consists of an overmantel extending up to the ceiling. On either side, and at the top, are figures in the costume of the very early years of the 17th century.

In the centre panel, surrounded by a decorative border, is represented a human figure apparently being devoured by dogs. A general opinion is that this depicts the mythological story of Actæon. But that remains a subject for surmise, and gazing at that queer, intensely interesting overmantel, one can readily surmise so many things and try to picture the sort of room into which it was first erected, when Shakespeare was still alive and Dunster was a busy wool-weaving town.

There is more plaster work downstairs, but of a later date.

The Luttrell Arms has been an inn for over 350 years, for it is referred to as the Ship in 1651, and it took its present name in 1779, but it has always been the great inn of its town, and tales of its importance and prosperity in the days before railways are told by the big ballroom upstairs, a place where generations of Dunster folk have danced and held their public dinners and evening parties. And adjoining is a skittle alley to provide them with more simple recreation.

The inn itself is set on the side of a hill. Though you enter through the ancient porch from the street and ascend a graceful 18th century staircase to the first floor, you may leave that floor straight into the garden, a garden from which magnificent views of the

coast and surrounding hills may be had.

In the inn's spacious grounds and the park which adjoins it are more relics of its long history. There is an odd round stone tower there, possibly that which is described in a guide book of 1856 as the "remains of a chapel." It is hard to say what its purpose was, but not improbably it was a dovecote belonging to the original Hall.

A little farther on is to be seen part of the earthworks thrown up by Blake, when, in command of a Parliament army, he held Dunster town and besieged the castle for six months before it surrendered. There is an entrance by the wall which divides the garden from the park that gives access to a secret passage, the other end of which is not known.

The whole place is full of pleasant unsolved mysteries and part-told tales of years gone by.

## Home Town News

ERNEST BEVIN, Minister of Labour, has been calling on Welsh girls to take a bow. He told them that they were the most adaptable girls in Britain.

That was not just pep talk. He proved it by showing that there are more girls in war factories in the Principality proportionate to the total pay-roll than anywhere in Britain.

Exiles who have been away during the war years would be staggered to see the development of factory work in Wales where hitherto there was no factory tradition.

Among the latest to come on the map are one small factory in Monmouthshire, on a site that was formerly an ash-tip, which is now turning out radiators for Spitfires. The firm behind the model factory which was rushed up on this site formerly made fountain pens and gold nibs. An old county gaol in North Wales was taken over, and now armour-piercing bullets and anti-tank fuses are made there.

WHEN some American soldiers called at a bank on Mutley Plain, Plymouth, to collect the regimental pay, two of their number stood on guard outside with Tommy guns.

Passers-by thought they must be in Chicago!

other side of the "wallop" counter, by lowering gravity.

The truth is that brewers would not make any more money by doing so; and as the beer would not ferment so easily, it would be more difficult to keep and more difficult for bottling.

In a standard barrel to-day there are 1,040 degrees of gravity—that is what gives beer its so-called "kick." The strongest bottled beers are up to 1,111 degrees, and mildest ales to about 1,020.

On the whole, this is about six degrees lower than in 1939, but is many degrees higher than during the last war. The extra penny the Treasury is charging is scaled up from 1,027 degrees in a barrel to 1,040. Formerly the brewer paid a penny for each of 27 degrees over a thousand—that is, 2s. 3d. Now he will have to pay 3s. 4d.

A barrel of beer yields 288 pints, or 576 half-pints. The extra 1s. 1d. would have to be divided 576 times, which is impossible. Even if it were, the brewer would have to pay more excess-profits tax, so there would be no point in raising the price.

Of course, brewers are not obliged to brew at any specific gravity. But they have to maintain a gravity of well over 1,000 degrees a barrel to make the beer marketable.

And the truth is that we are drinking more beer in Britain than at any time in the past thirty years.

Since September, 1939, the duty on beer has risen to 7½d. for each shilling's worth. Yet, apart from a slight fall in 1940, "wallop" consumption has steadily increased. It is now nearly 17 per cent. higher than in the last year of peace.

In the next twelve months, brewers tell me, they anticipate that 30 million barrels of beer will have been gulped down, representing 8,630,000,000 or nearly 200 pints per head of the population!

In the last quarter of 1943 brewing figures reached 6,831,154 barrels, an increase of 126,000 over the same period in 1942. Since there is not enough malting barley to pro-

### WELSH INSPIRATION.

WALES, far-famed land of song, is inspiring two noted song-hit writers. They are Dick Hardman and Leo Towers. You might not recall the names, but you will remember the smash hits they wrote—"Yes, we have no Bananas," and "Roll out the Barrel." "Sally" and "Silver Wings in the Moonlight" were also theirs.

Now they have been touring Wales, to get, as they put it, inspiration for a new song. They went around war factories hearing the many ditties and native songs which the nightingale girls of the factories are singing. At Llanelly a party of miners staggered them with a rendering of "Sospol Fach." "Much of what we heard," they said later, "will be embodied in our new songs."

### WAITING FOR FATHER.

THERE are waiting-lists for many things in these days. In St. Aldhelm's parish, Radipole, Dorset, there is a waiting-list for baptisms.

The cause of the hold-up is not the clergy, the mothers, or the babies. No, they are all ready and willing. The "missing link" is Father.

So many fathers are away in the Services that christenings have had to be postponed until they can get home on leave.

# Good News! Good News! Good News! BEER WON'T GET WEAKER!

Or do we mean  
"Can't"

vide this gigantic quantity of beer, brewers have been forced to experiment with substitutes.

The Ministry of Food does not deny the existence of "potato beer," but is content with an official statement: "We have no knowledge of potato beer being sold to the public."

Ordinary beer is dependent for its flavour and aroma on hops, and not on the base from which it is made. Rye and wheat could be used with equal success in making a drink as palatable and nourishing as ordinary beer.

A white-coated commercial chemist, who works ten hours a day in a glass-lined room, as spick as an operating theatre, knows what makes your beer. At the moment he is peering down a microscope testing specimens of yeast—"cultures" from a greyish bloom that begin as microscopic dots and grow like something in an "other-worldly" Disney cartoon.

Then the yeast is "married" and the cultures swell and grow again until they fill a test-tube, and then overflows into great tubs. These microbes multiply by millions, and go on growing for centuries. Brewers will never run short of yeast, and they are glad to get rid of the stuff after each brew.

In the next bay of the brewery is the barley, where the grains are spread out on the floor, moistened and allowed to grow.

As soon as the roots appear they are knocked off and the barley shovelled on to grills and toasted. It is this toasting which gives beer its colour, though some experts say it has little effect on the flavour.

For "light" the barley is just crisped. For dark ale it is cooked a few minutes longer. Maltings in Kent and Hertfordshire give a happy aroma to these little villages while the barley is being toasted—and then off the stuff goes by trainloads, labelled "Malt," for malt is just toasted barley.

Pneumatic suckers take the grains out of the vans and suck the grains in their millions to the top of the storage tank at the brewery. The air draught also cleans the malt by dusting it and sucking it through great cylindrical sieves. The engineer at the malt mills shows you a little control panel which looks like a radio set. It is the master switch and relay for a magnetising system in the milling rollers. These magnets extract any stray specks of ferrous material which may be in the malt, as it is crushed between great steel rollers.

Dry powdered barley is almost as dangerous as T.N.T., and a tiny spark during the milling would cause an explosion. Some lives were lost in old breweries before this strange fact was discovered. Then the mixture has water poured on it, another electric thermostat control panel ensuring that the water is at exactly the right temperature.

The mash brew is made, and then, just as with a pot of tea, more water is poured on for the second brew. Both brews are then mingled, then boiled for about an hour with hops. It is then strained and cooled, and ready to be made into beer.

That ordinary-looking chap leaning over the rails watching a gauge-dial is one of the five men employed by Customs and Excise at this one brewery alone. His job is to decide how much beer can be made and how much tax has to be paid. No beer can be made if

an Excise man is not on duty. Inland Revenue pay his wages, and, of course, he has no connection with the brewing firm.

The mash, at this stage called "wort," pours through huge ducts into vats. The yeast is added, and soon a great foaming head nearly six feet high rises in the vat. For about 72 hours each vat is a sight for thirsty souls, by which time the yeast has done its work. It is spun and removed, and the beer is allowed to "rest" for a couple of days so that any surplus yeast can sink.

During this brewing, gas rises—a cheerful beery smell, which is refreshing in small doses, but which is overpowering if inhaled hard. Its chief constituent is carbon-dioxide, and it is collected during brewing and then put back into the beer to give bottled beer its sparkle.

Most beer is made in large breweries. One Midland brewery alone pays £700,000 a year to Customs and Excise in tax. But many small pubs still have their own beer brewed. A local brewer calls once a month, his visit coinciding with that of an Excise man. A great fire is stoked up in the brew-house at the end of the yard, and after the Excise man has determined the quantity, the brewer retires into his shed and mingles the "wort" and the liquor.

Some old brewers claim to have their own secret processes, though whether this has any effect on the ultimate taste of the beer is doubtful. No secret local brewing "rite" can have any effect on the strength and alcoholic content, for that is entirely settled by the Excise man.

But—not even the Excise bloke can make our beer grow weaker—for it just wouldn't pay.

## BEERY DEAN

IT is perhaps particularly significant that the original legend of bottled beer—the thing that has made drinking outside the pub easiest, and which has increased in recent years—traces to an Anglican Dean. Alexander Nowell was Dean of St. Paul's in the days of Queen Mary. He was fishing in the Thames with a stone jar of beer beside him, when someone rushed up to tell him he was being sought out as a heretic. He quickly buried the beer, and got into a boat bound for Holland. Some years later he was able to return. He made for his beer. Unearthed, opened, the effect was sensational. "It was no beer bottle, but a gun, so great was the sound of the opening thereof." The Dean found the beer much strengthened and "brisker." That, says the story, started deliberate bottling, bottled beer.

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
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London, S.W.1

# "Do you know the Truth"

## PART 12

THE next morning the whole town was full of gossip about the dead man. Popular opinion took Martin's view of suicide, and already a cruel story had started that Bealing had been summarily dismissed from the "Cosworth Arms" and had taken his life in despair. Madge, who had been over to see Anstice after breakfast, brought the story back.

From what Martin could gather from the common talk, Nickel had found the dead man in the creek not far from his cottage. Had it anything to do with the treasure? What would Watson do now? Would Pyne tell what he knew? Question after question came into his mind, and no answer arose to satisfy them.

As the afternoon wore on, the last question became the dominant one. Surely the parson would have to say something?

If that story came out, there was no saying what might be its end. The police would probably be at the "Cosworth Arms," interrogating the Pendrews; seeking to find some motive for Bealing's presence there.

And what could Anstice say if they asked her? The story of Parker's Hoard would be bound to come out. Not that the treasure seemed to matter much now, but it would involve Anstice—and themselves—in a most unwelcome glare of notoriety. They might seem almost guilty—accessories, in a way, to Bealing's death.

Just as the light was fading, Madge came into the study.

"Mr. Pendrew's downstairs. He wants to see you," she said.

Martin's heart beat fast. This must prove that his fears were well founded. The police must have learned the truth.

"All right, Madge. Send him up," he said. "I suppose this means that Pyne's told."

"I'm afraid so," she agreed. "He's in a terrible state."

Pendrew arrived, looking wild-eyed and unsteady. For a moment Martin thought he was not sober. He came a few paces into the room, and stood blinking round him as if he were not at all certain where he was. He was dressed carelessly, in an old tweed jacket and breeches, and he carried a battered tweed hat in his hand. His face was puffy and his lips moist.

"Sit down, Mr. Pendrew," said Martin. "This is a bad business."

"Well, sir, it looks as if we were

## Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

going to be ruined over this affair of Bealing. I can tell you, I'm pretty nearly worried out of my wits. You know what they are saying about me?"

"I shouldn't worry too much," Martin said consolingly. "The whole thing will die down in a few days. After the inquest the case will be forgotten."

"But they're pestering me all the time," the man went on. "First it's the police, to know what I know, then it's the Reverend Pyne—"

"What does he want?" Martin put in sharply.

"Blessed if I know, Mr. Lynn. He came along this morning, asking if I knew any of Bealing's relations, and if the man told me anything about himself. What's it got to do with him, I want to know?"

Martin was puzzled. What was Pyne up to?

"Parsons always have to butt into these things," he said weakly.

Pendrew snorted. "Then there was Sir Harry, on the same business, wanting to know if I remembered any of Bealing's references. I told him 'No.' I took his word for it. But you see what it means, Mr. Lynn."

"What about Mr. Watson?" Martin queried.

"Oh, he's as bad as the rest. Always talking about it; asking me what I think. How do I know what to think?"

Pendrew was clearly greatly shocked. He had been called to identify the dead man, and that had been a trying ordeal.

Madge followed her brother upstairs after the door closed.

"Well," she asked anxiously; "do they know?"

"No; not so far as I can gather," Martin answered. "Pyne's been questioning Pendrew—evidently to see if he suspects anything—but I can't make out whether he intends to speak."

"I shall be mighty glad when the whole thing's over and done with," he added after a few moments, as he tugged viciously at the blinds. "There's something eerie about it; something infernally unpleasant."

"Yes," said Madge soberly. "Yes, Martin, I'm afraid there is."

MARTIN made his way to the Town Hall the next afternoon through a howling gale.

Outside the little granite hall a

group of curious idlers stood gossiping, the wet streaming from their oilskins. Martin pushed his way through them, and found a seat at the back of the room where the inquest was to be held.

It was hot and stuffy in there, with every window closed against the angry weather, and a streaming mist from the sodden clothes pervading the atmosphere. The place was ill-lighted, and as depressing as a workhouse.

The grim, soulless routine of the inquest went on. A shocked and dejected jury filed in, having completed its first dreadful duty. Pendrew was called, and Martin sensed a certain hostility in the room as he gave his brief evidence of identification. Pendrew seemed aware of it too, and made his statement in a resentful voice.

So far as he could say, the dead man was Bealing. Sir Harry Cosworth corroborated this more definitely. Neither of the witnesses knew anything about the man, save that he was a good servant, cheerful and willing, and seemed to have no troubles nor financial difficulties.

No, he did not seem the sort of man to take his own life, nor could they offer any suggestion as to how he could have come to his end. Pendrew stated that he

sionless, and words had to be dragged from him. He had made his gruesome discovery about eleven in the morning, and had been helped by a farm labourer, who also was called.

The doctor's evidence was grim. He computed that Bealing must have been drowned more than ten days ago. Identification would necessarily be difficult, and, questioned as to certain wounds on the face and body, he stated that they were perfectly compatible with injuries that might be caused during recent storms by the jagged rocks of the coast.

A thrill went through the court when the coroner asked if there were anything to suggest foul play. Martin found himself leaning forward anxiously. An eerie hush fell upon the crowded room.

"I have no reason for making any such suggestion," the doctor answered definitely.

Again a sigh, almost of disappointment, filled the steamy air. Martin glanced at Pyne; he too had been craning forward to catch the words. But his thin face betrayed nothing.

MAJOR Morrow called that afternoon.

Martin jumped to his feet. What was Morrow doing here? He tried to greet him naturally, but an uneasy premonition seized upon him.

Morrow, at any rate, was entirely unperturbed.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, Lynn," he said, in his quiet voice. "I tried to find you after the inquest, but you slipped away. I wanted to see you on rather a serious matter."

Madge, though she sensed some danger, showed complete unconcern.

"You will have some tea, of course, won't you?" she said with a smile. "Anstice, dear, do you mind ringing the bell?"

Martin coughed.

"Did you—er—want to see me—alone?" It was clumsy, but it was the best he could do. Morrow shook his head.

"No, no. I think you can all help me—if you will."

"Major Morrow," said Madge abruptly.

"Yes?"

"If you were at the inquest, why did neither you nor Mr. Pyne tell what you knew of this dead man's life?"

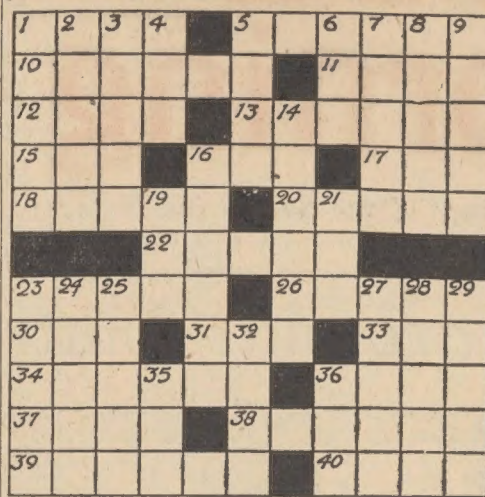
He looked round at her slowly.

"I should have done," he said, weighing each word, "but that Mr. Pyne persuaded me not to. I think his reasons were good. You tell me what you think. Clive Shoreham was the very black sheep of a very nice family. They have suffered a great deal for his sins. Can you imagine what it would have meant to them to have all their shame blazoned again to the world—as it would have been, had the whole truth been told to-day?"

Madge nodded.

"Mr. Pyne was quite right," she

## CROSSWORD CORNER



**CLUES ACROSS.**  
1 Part of jaw.  
5 Firmly fixed.  
10 Distant.  
11 Whetstone.  
12 An Asiatic.  
13 Fleet.  
15 Projection.  
16 Imitate.  
17 Luminary.  
18 Make paste.  
20 Positions.  
22 Gladden.  
23 Flood.  
26 Approaches.  
30 Horse.  
31 Nonsense.  
33 Maxim.  
34 Ran off.  
36 Prong.  
37 Hub.  
38 Hard worker.  
39 Deals with.  
40 Salad plant.

**CLUES DOWN.**  
1 Blow.  
2 Bird.  
3 Semblance.  
4 Cribbage knave.  
5 Harvest.  
6 Electrical unit.  
7 Dried bread.  
8 Cloth.  
9 College fellows.  
14 Be indignant at.  
16 Stick.  
19 Deed.  
21 Wrath.  
23 Fragrance.  
24 Sort of bear.  
25 Over.  
27 Away.  
28 Compass.  
29 Melodious.  
32 Variance.  
35 Climbing plant.  
36 Wooden vessel.

**CLUES DOWN.**

1 Blow. 2 Bird. 3 Semblance. 4 Cribbage knave. 5 Harvest. 6 Electrical unit. 7 Dried bread. 8 Cloth. 9 College fellows. 14 Be indignant at. 16 Stick. 19 Deed. 21 Wrath. 23 Fragrance. 24 Sort of bear. 25 Over. 27 Away. 28 Compass. 29 Melodious. 32 Variance. 35 Climbing plant. 36 Wooden vessel.

said shortly. "That hadn't occurred to me."

"That was my opinion." Morrow turned again to Martin. "But Bealing's death does not solve the mystery rather it deepens it. Those two were up to something crooked; and I believe you suspect what it was."

"Bealing and Watson were after hidden treasure, Morrow," Martin said deliberately. "That's the story. I couldn't tell you before, for obvious reasons. But we've watched them—because we were after it too."

"Hidden treasure?" Morrow said incredulously. "How do you know that?"

"Well, somehow, these fellows got on to the track of a treasure known as Parker's Hoard. It was a tradition in this part. And, curiously enough, Miss Pendrew stumbled upon its track also. So our ways met, you see."

Martin went on, "but I'll tell you the whole story—so far as we know it."

In that narrative were details which were fresh, even to Anstice.

She gasped when he announced his conjecture that Pyne himself had been in some way mixed up in the affair—those footmarks in the cave, and the parson's salt-stained rubber-soled shoes; and Madge leaned forward, intensely interested, as he told of Joe the Blackamoor, old Parker's servant.

Martin stopped at last.

"I think that's all I can tell you," he said. "Now perhaps you'll tell me something. What are you after? Why do you come to us for information?"

"I'm not satisfied with this afternoon's verdict," he answered abruptly. He stopped for a moment, then added, raising his eyes, "Are you?"

"Why, yes. It had not occurred to me—you don't mean you're suggesting that Bealing—"

"You think Watson had some-

thing to do with Bealing's death?" Madge said quickly.

Morrow turned to her sharply.

"I never said that, Mrs. Enslow. Nor must you. What I do say is that I am not satisfied with the jury's verdict. And because of the peculiar circumstances of the case, I must be in possession of further facts before I take—whatever action I do take. And I want your brother to help me, and you and Miss Pendrew too, if you will."

"What do you want us to do?" Martin asked.

"I want Miss Pendrew, if she can, to smuggle me into the cellar; and I want to come with you, Lynn, to see what's at the other end of that passage."

(To be continued)

## QUIZ for today

1. A quail is a small arrow, part of a clock, jellyfish, young snipe, Indian tree, musical instrument?
2. Who wrote (a) Tales of a Grandfather, (b) Tales of Space and Time?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Mastiff, Bloodhound, Pointer, Setter, Chinchilla, Dandie Dinmont.
4. What three coins add up to 3s. 9d.?
5. Roger Livesey, film star, is English, American, Irish, Welsh, Canadian?
6. Who is the patron saint of shoemakers?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Arquebus, Absorbant, Abdact, Acheivement, Aquaint, Aqueduct.
8. What is the approximate number of spokes in a bicycle wheel?
9. For what was Blondin famous?
10. What is the name of the racegoer's reference book?
11. Since when has Gibraltar been a British possession?
12. Name three British birds beginning with K.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 372

1. Snuff.
2. (a) Byron, (b) Kipling.
3. Curricie is a carriage; others are boats.
4. St. Christopher.
5. Golf.
6. Bass.
7. Deodorise, Discrepancy.
8. 100 yards by from 50 to 60 yards.
9. 55.
10. His marvellous memory.
11. Charles II—the King Charles spaniel.
12. Rod, Ban, Law, Period in music, Place for selling drinks, Toll-gate, Sandbank, Rail in court where prisoners are arraigned.

## WANGLING WORDS—319

1. Put a leg in CER and make it go up.
2. In the following first line of a famous poem, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Het odds keed ybo no nubgrin eht.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change SPARS into BEATS and then back again into SPARS, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden bird in: If you don't paint that spar, rot will set in.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 318

1. DESIGNER.
2. Oh, to be in England, Now that April's there!
3. BEER, bear, boar, boat, boot, foot, food, WOOD, mood, moot, moat, meat, beat, beet, BEER.
4. But-bons.



"This? Oh, this is to remind me I've an appointment with my dentist to-day!"

last saw him some fortnight previously, when he had left the inn for the station on his way to London.

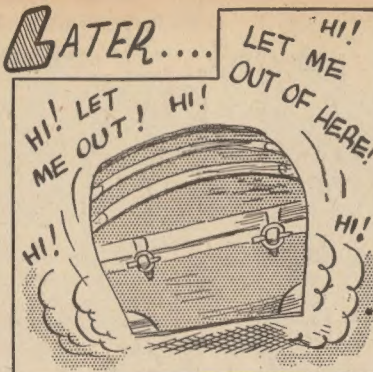
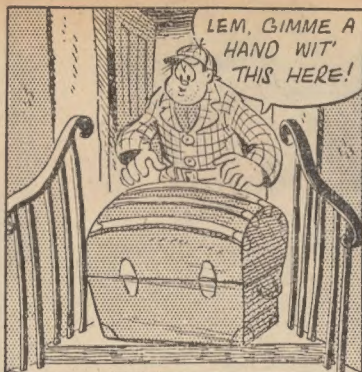
To Sir Harry Cosworth the coroner was duly deferential. Sir Harry regretted that he knew nothing of his former butler's antecedents. He had engaged the man in reply to an advertisement. He had taken up one reference—at a house in South Kensington he believed—but he could not be sure. He knew that Bealing had been there some years, and that his former employer spoke very highly of him. He had left Cosworth Place at his own request.

Nickel's statement amounted to little more than Martin had already heard. Nickel's face was expres-

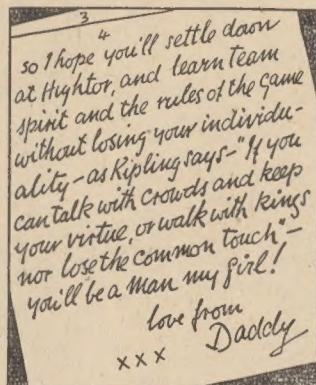
## JANE



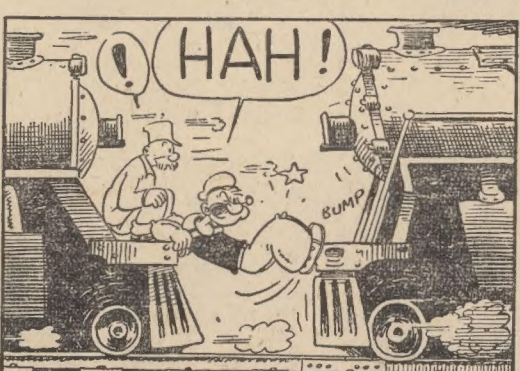
## BEELZEBUB JONES



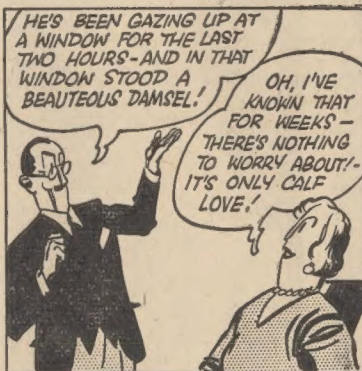
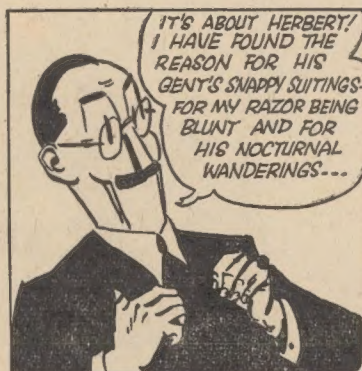
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Ships Cats go Commando

WHERE there's a surface ship there's usually a cat. And where there's a cat there's usually homely cheerfulness and often a laugh. Did you ever hear of the ginger queen of H.M.S. "Ludlow," for instance, and how she lived on good terms with a jackdaw which the Commanding Officer had trained and adopted? Or have you heard of Rastus, the ship's cat of H.M.S. "Gorleston," and how he was carried off by a seagull?

Like many cats, Rastus had adopted the ship, wandering aboard in the thick of a blitz, and he had chosen as his own particular work the task of chasing seagulls off the fo'c'sle.

One day he ran foul of a seagull tough which refused to be intimidated. Rastus snapped at its leg and the bird flew off, bearing the cat sky-high.

Fortunately, before being carried too far, he had the sense to leave go, but it was a hard, undignified swim back to the ship.

For cats can swim, despite any argument you may hear to the contrary. Witness the case of Ginger, who grew attached to a battleship under construction, and had her kittens aboard on the eve of the launching.

Just before the ceremony some kind soul found Ginger and her brood a bed in the shipyard. Yet, a few days later, as the battleship lay in the river, the kittens appeared aboard one by one.

The mystery was solved when Ginger was seen with the last kitten in her mouth, swimming for her old home and a convenient cable that served as a gangplank.

Oscar, a black cat, pet of the German battleship "Bismarck," was forced to swim after her ship was sunk, but cats certainly dislike getting their feet wet.

A destroyer on the scene sighted and signalled the news of a floating plank with a cat on it, and a rescue ship soon found the plank, complete with a well-balanced cat.

Nor was this the end of his saga, for Oscar also survived the sinking of the "Ark Royal," and presently found a shore home at Gibraltar.

Then there's Tawny, former mouse specialist of the trawler "Caldew" and erstwhile centre of an international incident. When the "Caldew" was torpedoed, Tawny was first into the lifeboat; and when a Swedish motorship sighted the survivors and threw a rope ladder over the side, Tawny was the first aboard.

Outside Swedish territorial waters, however, the rescuing ship was searched by two German destroyers, and the British fishermen were taken away for internment. But the Nazis refused to take Tawny as prisoner.

The good-hearted Swedish skipper decided to let the cat "run for it" at Gothenburg; but then came trouble. Quarantine officials wouldn't allow the animal ashore.

A British consulate official who came aboard to learn details of the "Caldew" affair thought it would be better to destroy him.

Next day, the death sentence on the ship's cat was a star story in the Swedish news-papers. Two Englishwomen frenziedly stopped the execution order and made arrangements with the port authorities to guarantee the cat's keep in a quarantine cell.

This, too, caused trouble, because English currency must be wisely spent.

But cats have nine lives, and Tawny is now living out the rest of his in the stables of an English horse trainer in Gothenburg.

There is no room here for a full roll-call of ship's cats. Otherwise you'd hear of Tulip, the corvette pet, which has her own hammock and specially made lifebelt; and Scouse, late ship's cat of H.M.S. "Exeter."

She was aboard the warship during her engagement with the "Graf Spee," and was afterwards actually kidnapped by a souvenir-hunter!

In a sense, the cats are merely the tail-end of an old custom. For over a century, sailors were permitted to own pets, with little restriction on their number and size.

The practice was banned when—no fooling!—the Admiralty learned that one battleship carried an assortment of 1,560 animals, including large snakes, bears, deer and antelopes.

MARK PRIESTLEY.

## Watch these Guys

By ALEC W DENYS

## A HELPING HAND.

Beware the man who tries to assist you with a purchase in the large shop. He may be a crook who walked in without a hat and coat in the busy hour, posing as a salesman, and will take your money and disappear. It has been done.

Some crooks watch the obituaries, then call at the home of the relatives as representatives of a well-known florist. They take the order and ask for a deposit; then disappear with the money.

Again, fake insurance agents show telegrams sent them, supposedly from a great insurance company, informing the heirs that the deceased was insured for a large sum. There is only a fee to collect before paying the insurance money.

The truth is that no insurance company collects fees before paying the heirs. Now you have been warned.

**Good  
Morning**



"Oh, sure! It's safe enough here. The gun-crew round the corner has its eye on me."

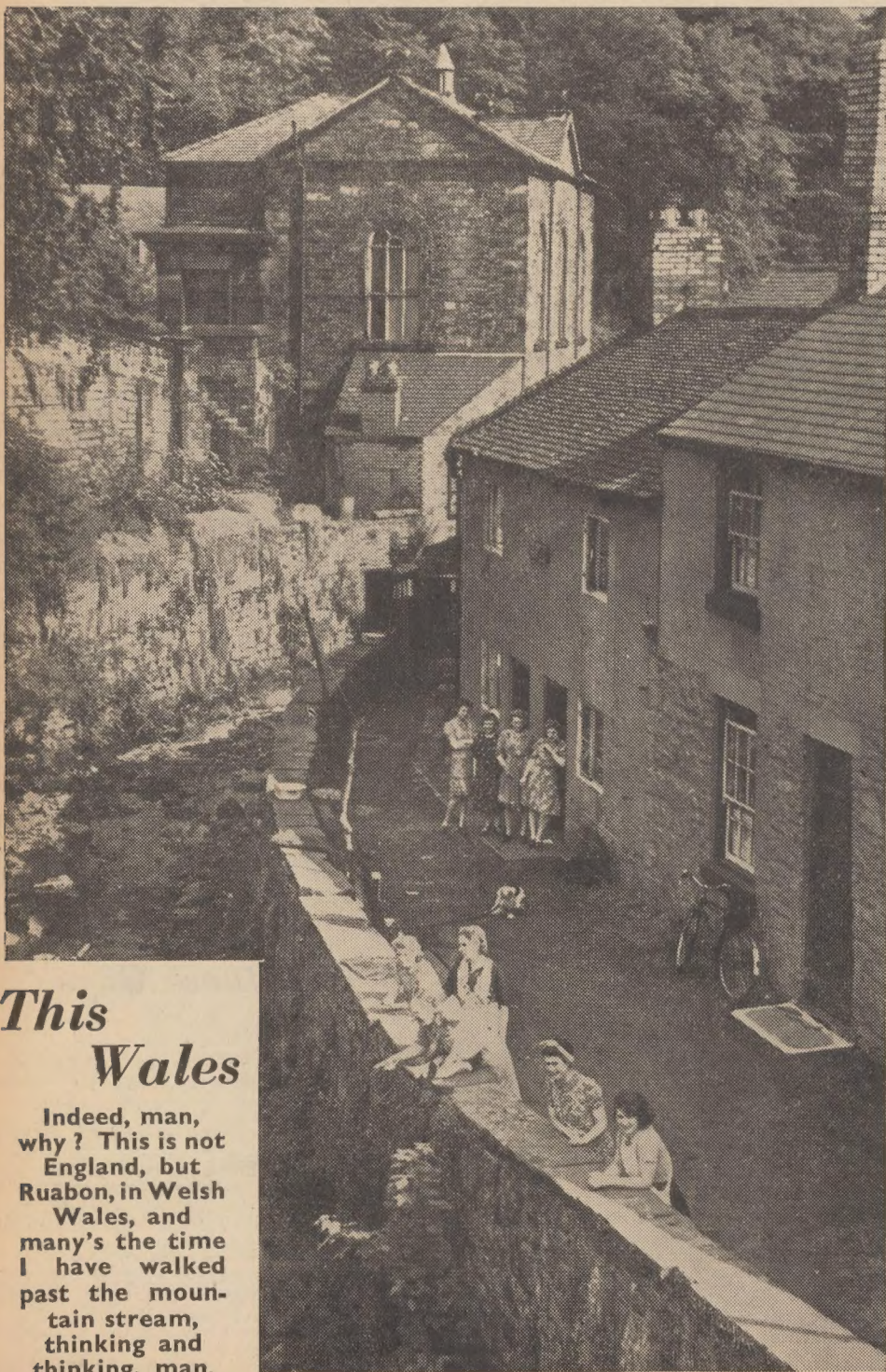
Steady, steady, there! This beauty has two real shell eggs in her basket. Yes, one whole month's rations, and that's why she's walking gently, we guess.



COME AND GET IT,  
DOBBIN!



"My gosh! It's coming to something when I have to show every fool horse where his stable is."



## This Wales

Indeed, man, why? This is not England, but Ruabon, in Welsh Wales, and many's the time I have walked past the mountain stream, thinking and thinking, man.



"C'mon, there. Stand up like a man, can't you?"  
"Okay. Take what's coming to you beneath the surface."



## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Those twerps seem to like water."

